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MAXIMS, CHARACTERS AND REFLECTIONS.

A short account of this book, and several characters from it were given in the last number; the following extracts are taken from the same work.

‘VERY nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind, but oftener of a little one.’

‘Some men talk sensibly and act foolishly, some talk foolishly and act sensibly; the first laugh at the last, the last cheat the first.’*

‘CHRYSAUTES is more sought after than any man I know: he is alike the favourite of the old, the young, the men of parts and the illiterate. No one ever calls him by his surname, or Mr.; it is the smallest diminutive of his christian name that he goes by, and were there any thing in the language correspondent to ANIMULA that would doubtless be his appellation. Adrian could not have invented any thing more fondling for his own soul, than every one would bestow upon this *Mignon*. Hear then the rare qualities that have dignified this *Delicia humani generis*. CHRYSAUTES is in his person unwieldy, clumsy, and vulgar, and his countenance is not only correspondent to his figure in regard to his features, but is wholly unanimated and without expression; his behaviour must consequently be equally destitute of grace and delicacy. “What are his morals?” Execrable; all his sensations towards human nature are confined to the little circle of his own person. “But what, then, are his charms?” Nay, if you don’t find them out it is not my fault. Will you sit up? CHRYSAUTES is your man; provided your Champagne be good, or your purse full and exposed to be emptied. Dice, cards, heads or tails, CHRYSAUTES has no choice, he is all complaisance; only if you leave it to him he had rather play for indefinite sums, and it is very easy for each man to tell his lump. He never mistakes; he will tell you, every time he wins, to a guinea, what he had before him; no man reckons better, or so fast as he: he is the best companion, the *honestest fellow* in the world. “But what is his conversation? is it

* ‘The author does not mean, that to *cheat* is to *act sensibly* in any other sense, than as every man may be said to act sensibly who takes the most effectual means to obtain his purpose, let his purpose be what it will.’

‘the awful profound of reasoning, or the gay superficies of wit that thus attracts the literati?’ Neither; you are tired with the paradox!—CHRYSANTES has the best cook in the world, the best wines; and a great house whose door *hates the thresholds.*’

‘If you find your friend covetous, hope he is inconsistent too—he has nothing else for it.’*

‘Some men are like certain stuffs, beautiful on one side, hideous on the other.’

‘Men often prove the violence of their own prejudices, even by the violence with which they attack the prejudices of other people.’

‘Nothing so easy as to keep up an established character of sense by conversation, nothing so difficult as to acquire one by it; at least a conversation superiour to that which keeps it up, may not give it.’

‘The oak which is generally considered as the king of trees, is that also which arrives latest at perfection; and perhaps, in some sense, the same observation may be true with respect to mankind.’

‘Polydore and Craterus past their childhood together, and received, in every respect, the same education; and yet they came into the world with opposite characters. Polydore had what is called *bright parts*, which he neglected to use; Craterus had what is called *good solid sense*, which he exerted with constant and unwearied diligence. Polydore had so lively a relish for pleasure, that his life was wasted in perpetual dissipation; Craterus had so much regard to the *main chance*, that he was never seduced to idleness or irregularity, but improved such talents as he had to the utmost advantage. They both obtained seats in parliament almost as soon as they were of age; and Craterus attended at the house with so much punctuality, and so assiduously applied to the subject of every question, that he became almost a man of business the first year. But Polydore, all this while, neither knew, nor cared what was doing; he sometimes attended indeed in appearance, but his mind was absent, except in some sudden start of recollection, when he cursed the dull tedi-

* ‘The meaning is, that a conduct, in every particular consistent with an avaricious principle, would include almost every vice; as a conduct, in every particular consistent with a generous principle, would include almost every virtue: but as this perfect consistency is never found in human actions, the world gains in one instance what it loses in the other.’

'ous debate that kept him from his pleasures. Thus Polydore, with superiour natural talents, always appeared inferior to Craterus, except in matters of taste, for in these his superiority appeared without an effort; it was the effect of nature, instant and spontaneous: but where a series of principles were to be traced, and connexions discovered, Craterus had greatly the advantage; for though Polydore was more able he was less willing to apply, and the effect of mere indolence was sometimes mistaken for that of incapacity. Polydore was many years short of that maturity, at which Craterus was arrived: Craterus was all he could ever be; Polydore, in comparison of what he might be, was as yet nothing. Polydore put one in mind of a high-bred pack of true vermin foxhounds at the beginning of the season, which dash'd, flew, and run riot nobody knows where, and had a spirit that twenty whippers-in could not restrain; Craterus, of a staunch pack of southernns, which were never off the true scent, but would eat, drink, and comply with all other calls of nature in the height of the chase, though fifty whippers-in should sweat in vain to get them forwards. Craterus one day told Polydore, that it was a shame for a member to know so little of the business of the house: Pooh—d—n it, says he, I tell you—you are *premature*.

'Wit gives confidence less than confidence gives wit.'

'Many men will reason and act *sensibly* on various occasions, and yet be even *absurd* in speculation and practice, with respect to things extremely plain, which happen to lie out of their way; as musical clocks will play such a number of tunes, and difficult ones too, but not one beyond them.

'Fogramo is a kind of philosopher, a mathematician, a chymist, a man of letters in short, and a deep reasoner; he has had more than one literary dispute, and always with success: he utterly despises and disregards trifles; and of all trifles, he very justly thinks that dress is the greatest: however, he naturally falls into what is suitable and proper, and has a certain dignity; his cloaths therefore are always black, and his wigs white; but once made, he scarcely remembers that he possesses any such things, and he puts them on purely from its being necessary that he should. Fogramo wanted to move his person from one part of the island to another; on what account I

‘ never learnt, but on some important one you may be sure :
 ‘ he was told of the late invention of *post-chays*, of their
 ‘ great expedition, conveniency, and cheapness, provided
 ‘ one could get a fellow-traveller ; and that to effect this
 ‘ one need only to advertise for a *post-chay* companion.
 ‘ Fogramo approved of all this, and did it : Jack Flash was
 ‘ in a certain coffee-house near the *garden*, and read the
 ‘ advertisement ; he wanted to go to the same place at the
 ‘ same time, cash was short, he was in a hurry, so, *d—n*
 ‘ *him*, he was his man. The travellers met according to
 ‘ appointment, and after some admiration of each other, and
 ‘ some swearing from Jack about the horses and the tackle,
 ‘ Fogramo freely, and *sans ceremonie*, got into the chaise
 ‘ and placed himself commodiously in about the middle of
 ‘ it. Jack claps one hand on the ostler’s shoulder, and the
 ‘ other on the top of the wheel, and brushes in after him ;
 ‘ having but little room, he bustles and bestirs himself *a*
 ‘ *few* ; and Fogramo mechanically, as it were, retired into
 ‘ his corner. Off they go, most prodigiously fast, according
 ‘ to Fogramo ; and according to Flash—doctors differ—
 ‘ damnably slow. One began to swear, the other to groan,
 ‘ too politely however to be troublesome ; for however each
 ‘ jolt might affect Fogramo he resolved not to vent his dis-
 ‘ pleasure : but he began to reflect on the scheme he had
 ‘ undertaken, and to doubt somewhat of the charms of a
 ‘ *post-chay*, still with the utmost politeness and attention to
 ‘ his companion—is not that indeed regarding one’s self ?
 ‘ Fogramo, however, *who was a rational and consequential*
 ‘ *person*, had observed that the *young gentleman* had carried
 ‘ all before him, and shewn peculiar knowledge and under-
 ‘ standing about the chaise, horses, harness, and all their ap-
 ‘ purtenances, and doubted not but he was *a man of the*
 ‘ *world* : “ *Captain*,” says he, “ you seem to *know the world*
 ‘ very well.” — “ Yes, sir, a little, I know men a little, but
 ‘ nothing to my knowledge of women ; but there’s nothing
 ‘ in that, for to be sure there I have had some experience !”
 ‘ “ Some experience ! why sure, *Captain*, you can’t have
 ‘ been married more than once ?” Jack went off so loud and
 ‘ so very nonsensically, that Fogramo, *who was a rational*
 ‘ *and consequential person*, began to recover his original idea
 ‘ of Jack, and sat up very tight in his corner. Jack hummed
 ‘ a little and fell fast asleep, a thing he had not done in the
 ‘ last twenty-four hours : his sleep was as profound, as his

‘waking had been turbulent; as the deadeſt calm follows
 ‘the moſt furious ſtorm. Fogramo, though broad awake,
 ‘was ſoon no more conſcious of his *chay* ſituation, than his
 ‘companion; ſometimes he was in the ſky among the plan-
 ‘ets and ſuns, ſometimes in the earth amongſt minerals
 ‘and foſſils, ſometimes in the ſea with monſters and wrecks.
 ‘At length, however, Fogramo began to awake out of his
 ‘dream by an accident; and though Jack continued in his,
 ‘yet he made many wry faces; the chaiſe bump’d conti-
 ‘nually againſt the ſide quarter, and Fogramo was surpris-
 ‘ed to find his jolts renewed upon him with greater force
 ‘than ever; the road was not ſtony, and he could not con-
 ‘ceive the meaning of it: he looked about him, out of the
 ‘window, within the window; but the ſolving twenty pro-
 ‘blems was nothing compared to his difficulty of discover-
 ‘ing the *cause* of theſe repeated jolts and knocks, it was—
 ‘out of his way. At length they jolted his friend Jack
 ‘broad awake, and looking out of the window, “D—n your
 ‘body,” ſays he, “where did you learn your road-work,
 ‘boy? d—n you, where are your eyes you dog? why an’t
 ‘they in your poll by G—d? can’t you ſee, d—n ye, that
 ‘your near horſe don’t draw an ounce? Pull the *chay*
 ‘over, do ye blood of a b—ch!”’*

‘The true *uſe* of converſation is the perceiving, perhaps
 ‘adopting, the ideas of others; the *end* propoſed is, the
 ‘displaying our own.’

‘There are faults which, as they become greater, diſ-
 ‘pleaſe leſs.

‘Is that young *Eschylus* coming down † Fops-alley?
 ‘No ſure—Yes it is; it is his figure: and yet it is not his
 ‘air—Yes, faith, now he is nearer, I ſee it is *Eschylus*.
 ‘But, heavens! what a metamorphoſis! let any thing but
 ‘—*himſelf be his parallel!*—Poor boy! it was but laſt
 ‘year ſo humble, ſo moſt, ſo condeſcending! and how
 ‘glad was one to encourage him! and can a few fleeting
 ‘moons then have made ſo great an alteration? My dear
 ‘*Eschylus*, I am hurt,—I mean for you—What! don’t you
 ‘know me, my dear *Eschylus*?—You have got a touch of
 ‘the *qui vive* too, have you not? I muſt not laugh; but

* * Theſe characters were intended partly to illuſtrate the maxim that immediately
 ‘precedes them; and partly to conſtrast two characters widely different, by ſhewing
 ‘them in ſuch circumſtances as might ſhew at once their weakneſs and their ſtrength.

† ‘A place in the opera houſe.’

‘ yet the thing diverts me, I want to laugh: What a puppy!—bow to the countess too!—well faith, I shall laugh. Why you are not perfect, you cock your chin, and look about you, and affect to be agreeable,—very disagreeably! depend upon it, if you don’t play the monkey *better*, you will be—very ridiculous!’

‘ Ha! there he is. Observe Dorimon, young Eschylus; he does it with a swing!—Dorimon is something like a coxcomb; why, he would beat you *under his leg*.—Yes, Dorimon, you make me laugh; but I love to laugh with you, Dorimon. My dear Dorimon! will you sit by me? *tant mieux!* Tell me then, thou happy Dog! how many this last week?—Ha, only one countess? ay, you are discreet. Come, the kept mistresses, you *may* own them; faith I won’t divulge—Well, I’ll keep the secret; and really that’s a vast number for one week. Look, Eschylus, see how easy it sits upon him! look at his cloaths too, they are not *too fine*, and they sit well upon him; nor is my friend afraid of rumpling them or himself. Yes, Dorimon is a coxcomb! and, believe me, Eschylus, there are faults which displease even from being *incomplete*.’

‘ You would know how a man talks, to judge of his understanding; and yet, possibly, however great the paradox, the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he hears, might shew it you much better. There is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a man’s conversation, which, when *put in motion*, goes perhaps, roundly, and ingeniously, and yet seems, sometimes, less the operation of reason than habit; he may at the same time be destitute of the faculty of dividing, weighing, distinguishing, and judging: *hearing* then may, perhaps, be more the test of sense than *speaking*.

‘ How stupid is young Theocles! he was with us an hour; and whilst Cleon, the other young man his companion, entertained us with a great deal of sensible conversation, he had not one word to say for himself; he will surely make a bad figure in the world; he can have no parts. Thus was I told by every one present, nor did I contradict it; and yet, as to myself, how differently did I think! Theocles, I observed, did not once fail expressing in his countenance, that he understood and tasted every thing that was said; Cleon never—he attended to nothing but what he himself uttered; that was a superficial flow, a

‘ something, a nothing, yet all that it could ever be, incapable of increase or improvement. Theocles, on the contrary, with ten times the qualifications for talking, thought he had too few to expose his sentiments amongst those which his amiable prejudice esteemed so much superiour to his own: Theocles was diffident for the same reason that lambs are playful; the cause was nature and propriety. I saw him smile with a delicate approbation of sentiment, at an account of generosity and love; I saw him smile with scorn and indignation at a story of meanness and dishonour; I saw his eyes animated, and his features glow, at an account of spirit and gallantry: and Cleon all this time altered not a muscle of his face. As soon as he had an opportunity, he told his own story indeed, properly, and without confusion: Theocles told no story, he had not a word to offer.—What a difference!

‘ Scholarship, or, if you will, learning, is perpetually rung in my ears as the *summum bonum*, the one thing necessary to man: to say of a person that he is a good scholar, seems to imply every kind of superiority; to say he is no scholar, just the contrary. But I confess, that after much reflection and much inquiry, I am yet at a loss to comprehend this mighty advantage of scholarship; some advantages, to be sure, it has, but perhaps its disadvantages are not less: it sometimes prevents the excursions of a vigorous understanding, by keeping it in a beaten track; it perpetuates error, by imposing received opinions upon those who, if they had begun the inquiry, would have discovered truth; it divides the attention, and sometimes fixes it to subjects which are not suited to that particular genius and turn of mind which nature would have exerted upon some other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory it restrains imagination, and by multiplying precepts it anticipates the judgment. Give me the man whose knowledge is derived from the copious source of his own reason, whose mind is filled with ideas that sprung not from books but thought; whose principles are consistent because deduced in a regular series from each other, and not scraps of different systems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled together without examining their incongruity. Where is the scholar whose opinion is entirely his own? and where is the genius whom we wish to have known the opinions

‘ of others ? Are we sure that Shakespeare would have been the wonder he was, had he been a *deep scholar* ?—*’

‘ I lately went into a great and curious library ; and, however uncommon, these were my reflections : Behold, said I to myself, at once the glory and disgrace of human nature ! What monuments of ingenuity and knowledge ! of ingenuity employed to render error specious, and of knowledge which has little more than these specious errors for its objects. How many of those that have written on the same subject and agree, agree only because they have implicitly adopted the same opinions, which they have employed their minds not to examine but to defend ! how many of those that differ, differ only because they have adopted contrary opinions, which they also defend, without examination ! Is not far the greater part of the learned labour that surrounds me, the work of perverted reason, of prejudicial zeal, of mercenary self-interest ? Does not the strength of the writer’s understanding often prove the depravity of his heart ? And would not the honest mind that could read and remember all the volumes that I see, be rather bewildered than instructed, and rather doubt of all things than believe any ?’

‘ O clever ! and in a man of fashion too ! Gyges will quote you from Virgil and Horace, in *Latin*, till you stare again ! —Its true, that he is awkwardly dressed ; that he lives ill ; and above all, that he generally takes the false side of the question : *but he will* quote,—*ye gods ! how he will* quote !’

‘ Melissa† has not much *common*, but a great deal of *uncommon*, or, if you will, *out of the way* sense. She understands Latin, has written much verse, has read a good deal of history, and a great deal of metaphysicks ; she is a zealous enemy of superstition and priestcraft, and holds Moses and all such people extremely cheap. Melissa

* ‘ The author does not intend by this article to deny, that by consulting books a man may gain an acquaintance with the sciences in general, which he could never gain without them ; but he believes, with Mr. Pope, that “ the proper science of mankind is man,” and that the knowledge of man is not best acquired by what is generally called learning. And though he firmly believes, that Shakespeare’s excellence was owing to his study of the living world, from which books would necessarily have diverted his attention ; yet he is also willing to allow, that the discoveries of Newton depended upon his acquaintance with books, at least upon his knowledge of principles which others had discovered ; for without the principles of arithmetick and geometry, which is not probable he would have discovered merely by the force of his own thought, he could not have produced a new system of philosophy.’

† Mrs. M—c.

‘ will sport a subject with you willingly ; and if you talk
‘ more upon it than she, I had almost said better, I am not
‘ a little mistaken : her words flow with such easy volubili-
‘ ty, that certainly, if you have any taste, Melissa will at-
‘ tract your attention, possibly your admiration ; but then
‘ you must not turn the stream, you must not put her mind
‘ out of its course, for the road once lost she will wander
‘ farther and farther from it in endless perplexity ; she goes
‘ on where she sees the track, but never yet asked herself
‘ whither it would lead her : she talks not from sentiment
‘ but from memory, and a kind of instinct ; so that though
‘ what she says is rational, yet she has not herself deduced
‘ it from reason. The regular dependance of one principle
‘ upon another is what she least regards, and she is there-
‘ fore so inconsistent that often has Melissa disputed power-
‘ fully, nay self-persuasively on Monday on one side, and
‘ on Tuesday on the other. In her discourse too, she con-
‘ siders herself much more than the person she speaks to ;
‘ and therefore she often tells a sentimental story to a civil
‘ listening country farmer, and some cant joke of one socie-
‘ ty to a member of another. As to others, indeed, Melissa
‘ thinks little about them ; and be you a celebrated author,
‘ a man of sense, a blockhead, a coxcomb, or a pedant, she
‘ equally attends to you and to herself. Minuties she little
‘ regards ; she is not one of those prying mortals, who from
‘ a word, a motion, or look, will catch the ideas or designs
‘ of another ; and though very knowing in theory, yet as
‘ she knows theory only by rote, she is often extremely
‘ ignorant in the practice of the very theory she is so
‘ well acquainted with. Melissa rather likes than despises
‘ dress, and there too her disregard of minuties taste and
‘ connexion manifests itself : she has been known to change
‘ her shoes in the morning without changing the buckles,
‘ and so wear her shoes a whole day with the two straps
‘ pointing towards each other ; nor does she care how they
‘ sit to her feet, or how or of what they are made : her ri-
‘ bands too are either left to the choice of her maid, or else
‘ perhaps oddly chosen by herself ; and when she has put
‘ on a rich gown which required one kind of assortment,
‘ she has been known totally to spoil its effect by another.
‘ With Melissa, in short, you must distinguish between a
‘ love for dress, and a taste for dress. But has not nature,
‘ when she gave such flying agility to the roe, refused him

‘ the strength of the lion ? why then may not Corinna possess those feminine graces which are refused to Melissa ? Corinna was one day so much admired in the presence of Melissa for the becoming elegance of her cloaths, that Melissa ordered the very same for herself ; and yet, strange consequence ! no one admired them at all upon her : she proved, that it is the person which adorns the dress, not the dress the person. Corinna pulls her hair about with her fingers for two minutes, and no head is so well coiffed ; Melissa sits sometimes two hours to her *Ac-comodeur*, and few appear worse. Melissa, in short, fixes her chief attention on *your great objects* ; Corinna, on the graceful ones. With Melissa and Corinna you have your choice—as your taste happens to be—between a lady of—*masculine knowledge*, or—*feminine ignorance*.’

‘ Camilla* is really what writers have so often imagined ; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive : to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin ; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect : the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence she is unconscious of any, and thus heightens them all : she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light : she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her ; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristick of Camilla’s understanding is taste ; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments she possessed the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla

* Lady Kildare.

‘ melancholy ? does she sigh ? every body is affected : they
‘ inquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla ;
‘ they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another,
‘ and they are affected still more. Young, love’y, and high
‘ born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the
‘ brilliancy of courts ; wherever she appears, all others
‘ seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority ; and yet
‘ when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others
‘ with an ease which they never knew before : she joins to
‘ the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gayety
‘ free both from restraint and boldness ; always gentle, yet
‘ never inferiour ; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or
‘ aukward ; for shame and aukwardness are the effects of
‘ pride, which is too often called modesty : nay to the most
‘ critical discernment she adds something of a blushing timi-
‘ dity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy
‘ even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority !
‘ By this silent unassuming merit, she over-awes the turbu-
‘ lent and the proud ; and stops the torrent of that indecent,
‘ that over-bearing noise, with which inferiour natures in
‘ superiour stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean.
‘ Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence, Camilla.’

‘ You see a character that you admire, and you think it
‘ perfect ; do you therefore conclude that every different cha-
‘ racter is imperfect ? What, will you allow a variety of beau-
‘ ty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido,
‘ and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature !
‘ How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora !*
‘ In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact
‘ regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety :
‘ in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a
‘ graceful negligence, and an uncontrolled, yet blameless
‘ freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about
‘ her, a charm which is not easily defined ; to know her and
‘ to love her, is the same thing ; but you cannot know her
‘ by description. Her person is rather touching than ma-
‘ jestick, her features more expressive than regular, and her
‘ manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule,
‘ than because it is conformable to any that custom has
‘ established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect
‘ musick that can be composed ; Flora, of the wild sweet-
‘ ness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play
‘ of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds

* Mrs. Greville.

‘you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely
 ‘maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of
 ‘the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the
 ‘Loves. Artless sensibility, wild native feminine gayety,
 ‘and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange
 ‘characteristicks of Flora. Her countenance glows with
 ‘youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish
 ‘than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Ca-
 ‘milla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora en-
 ‘chants you by the neglect of hers. Thus different are
 ‘the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and
 ‘Flora! Yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the
 ‘extent of her power to please, she has also proved that
 ‘truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and
 ‘tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both
 ‘favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree
 ‘than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive
 ‘to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own;
 ‘and though she could submit to any misfortune that could
 ‘befal herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the mis-
 ‘fortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest
 ‘sensibility and the most lively gayety, and both are ex-
 ‘pressed with the most bewitching mixture in her counte-
 ‘nance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps
 ‘you at a respectful yet admiring distance, Flora excites
 ‘the most ardent yet elegant desire. Camilla reminds you
 ‘of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility
 ‘of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility
 ‘of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of
 ‘woman.’*

‘There is, amongst friends, a neglect that is flattering,
 ‘and an attention that is mortifying.’

‘If you have a *great deal of taste* for a particular sub-
 ‘ject, you may do very well with a person who has *no*
 ‘*taste at all*; but there is no doing with one who has a
 ‘*little taste* for it.’

‘Courage to think, is infinitely more rare than courage
 ‘to act; and yet the danger in the first case is generally
 ‘*imaginary*, in the last *real*.’

* ‘The author had the article of scholarship in view, through all the characters
 ‘that follow it in succession, of which this is the last.’

‘The medium between too scrupulously returning, and too easily accepting obligations, is the finest and most difficult medium I know in the world.’

‘Respect is better procured by exacting than soliciting it.’

‘Some prejudices are to the mind, what the atmosphere is to the body; we cannot feel without the one, nor breathe without the other.’

‘Some men have a reasonable understanding, and a ridiculous character.’

‘Fabricius is of a very uncommon cast; I hardly know so strong an instance of the contrariety between the understanding and character, as in him: he is, perhaps, the most sensible, the most droll, and the most foolish man you ever met with. Hark! what a roar of laughter! O! it is a ring Fabricius has got round him; he is certainly entertaining his company, with the most facetious and the most absurd stories you can conceive. Shall we get upon the table to see over the heads of those that surround him, what he is doing?—See how he gesticulates! how he mimicks the drawling affectation of the lady he is talking about!—What! sure he is not dancing! Yes, that decent brown coat, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, and square toed shoes; that decent figure, that long black bob, is dancing like on antick!—And now again he is recounting. Were it possible for you to get through the crowd and listen to him, you would find that Fabricius is master of the keenest discernment, the most judicious discrimination you can conceive: he will extract—nay, take care he don’t from you—he will extract every grain of ridicule out of a character, as a loadstone the particles of steel from those of sand that are mixed with them; he will hold them up to the light, and expose these absurdities, even though with them he exposes his own; nothing escapes him: nay, in these comick descriptions he will often mix the most ingenious observations, and the justest reasonings; and you are for a moment suspended between the admiration of his wit and his understanding: but as soon as the torrent of his humour breaks in upon you, every serious consideration is hurried away before it, and you think of nothing, you desire nothing, but those extatick breaks of laughter which he extorts from you: ask not for any relation of what he says, he alone can give it you;

‘ he is a living farce, a puppet-shew, and we all supply the
‘ scenes, the incidents, and the fable of it. “ Thus he
‘ uses the characters of others : what is his own ? ” Humo-
‘ rous you see, and, if the character of another, would be
‘ the best subject of humour to him. Fabricius possesses
‘ four thousand pounds per annum ; but were you to judge
‘ of his rank in the world, either by his own appearance, or
‘ by that of the people he is connected with, you would
‘ perhaps suppose he had as many hundreds out of which
‘ he saved about half. He keeps no house, no equipage,
‘ no servants, no company ; you would take him for a me-
‘ chanick : no dignity in his appearance, no carriage, no
‘ address ; yet he is perfectly free, and will converse with
‘ you, I mean to you, as long as you will hear him. “ What
‘ are the subjects of his discourse ? ” Men,—and women—
‘ If you would see the comick side of the world, he is your
‘ man : he carries constantly in his mind a kind of human
‘ raree show, which he will exhibit gratis, without loss of
‘ time, to any person who cares, or does not care, to see
‘ it ; and this from morrow to morrow, as long as opportu-
‘ nity serves. Then you may depend upon the existence of
‘ the originals he gives you such *original copies* of ; they
‘ are all his own, or your intimates and friends : if you have
‘ not discovered their latent characteristicks, he will shew
‘ them. “ *My* friends and intimates ! will he ridicule *my*
‘ friends and intimates to *me* ? is that consistent with pro-
‘ priety and decorum ? ” Nay, I only said it was droll ; and
‘ the oddity and impropriety of it certainly makes it droll
‘ in a higher degree. Not a little Miss but stares with
‘ astonishment at the choice of his subjects ; and if *he* paints
‘ *them*, *they* paint *him*, as well as they can. Fabricius is a
‘ man of taste too, and a man of letters : with the polite arts,
‘ and the unpolite professors of them, he is particularly
‘ connected : but his excellence is in the *out of the way*
‘ arts ; he chiefly delights in the useless and neglected stu-
‘ dies ; he will set his mind on something that you, and I,
‘ and others would choose to forget, and make a voyage to
‘ Aleppo to get to the bottom of it. When he is serious,
‘ he will talk to you and reason on these subjects extreme-
‘ ly well ; and you will at least allow, that if he is in an
‘ error, it is fed not by wild fancy, but by reason and
‘ sense : Fabricius almost tempts one sometimes to think,
‘ that sense had lost her way, and was fallen into the hands

‘ of a fool. He has great talents in horsemanship too, and
 ‘ nothing can be more comick than his exercising those
 ‘ talents ; his ideas are so much elevated, above the brute
 ‘ creation, that he does not know one horse from another,
 ‘ and he is very apt—But what end of describing Fabricius ?
 ‘ What pity is it, O Fabricius ! that no power of nature, or
 ‘ necromancy, could at once transform thee into another,
 ‘ and leave thee thyself ! what an account wouldst thou
 ‘ give of thyself !’

‘ I have heard of some creature which when dressed for
 ‘ food, has in its different parts the tastes of many others.
 ‘ It puts me in mind of Sicinius, who is by fits a French
 ‘ *Agréable*, an English farmer, a keen sportsman, and a
 ‘ book-worm ; not to mention several other little turns of
 ‘ whim or fancy, to which Scicinius sometimes gives his
 ‘ mind. Nothing is more jaunty than young Sicinius : if
 ‘ you saw him at the opera or play-house, and had never
 ‘ heard who he was, you would certainly ask ; for his ap-
 ‘ pearance is striking, his cloaths hang so easy about him,
 ‘ he is so minutely well dressed, I mean with that com-
 ‘ manding ease as well as propriety, that the assemblage of
 ‘ the whole must strike even those eyes, by which par-
 ‘ ticular parts would be undistinguished.—He lolls, he talks,
 ‘ he holds his tongue, still with a certain uncommon supe-
 ‘ riority—he is the truth of an *Agréable*—You would
 ‘ scarce think, whilst you saw some fashionable woman
 ‘ almost paying her court to Sicinius on the out side of her
 ‘ side-box, that he intended going the next morning, per-
 ‘ haps that very night, to his old house in the country, to
 ‘ shut himself up there for many months ; but still less would
 ‘ you believe, that he was just come from the baker’s club,
 ‘ where he had talked his five minutes, and worn his great
 ‘ wig and great coat like a true and orthodox member of that
 ‘ celebrated and learned society. Will you follow him to his
 ‘ old house in the country ?—You will see him with his hair
 ‘ hanging about his ears, and not only with as bad a coat as
 ‘ any farmer in the country, but also with as bad an air :
 ‘ yes, he is a Proteus : so far from being *absurd* about
 ‘ things that happen to lie out of his way, he constantly
 ‘ finds out the very *something* which distinguishes every
 ‘ class of men : he assumes the most contrary characters,
 ‘ and is this moment the very reverse of what he was the
 ‘ last.—Sicinius takes his oaken stick, gets a-stride a kind

‘ of half-cart mare, and kicks her to market to a neighbour-
‘ ing town; there he will look at and cheapen some hay, or
‘ oats, and no one understands both more minutely; nor
‘ will he fail to wet the bargain with the seller. He has
‘ been known to drink very near his gallon of bad ale in an
‘ evening with a set of farmers in the midst of tobacco-
‘ smoak, to which he fairly contributed his full share of
‘ whiffs, nay, and to talk just as well, and as much as the
‘ best of them.—Were it not for scandalizing, I would men-
‘ tion too how much Sicinius would be found to have chang-
‘ ed his taste as to his ladies—but that—As to this rustick
‘ life, he may perhaps continue it some time, perhaps turn
‘ short about and assume another, it is just as it happens;
‘ however, you may be certain whatever are his avocations,
‘ he will always be—*totus in illis*—He has been known to
‘ remain a whole year together in an odd character, and
‘ to have been quite despaired of by his acquaintance who
‘ were in another.—However, I think they all recover him
‘ again first or last.—At present indeed Sicinius mixes two
‘ characters together, which you must allow to be extreme-
‘ ly different—He is a pedant and a fox-hunter. He boards
‘ with a nobleman’s keeper at his little hut, lives absolutely
‘ by himself, and is up every other morning in December
‘ two hours before it is light to attend the fox-hounds, six,
‘ twelve or fourteen miles from home, and he has no com-
‘ panion or attendant but a little pocket Horace. He
‘ divides his conversation between the hounds and his Ho-
‘ race. In the field Sicinius speaks to no living creature,
‘ except (I say) a hound; and to hounds no one speaks so
‘ well—no man makes a *try* like him, or *gets* so well *into*
‘ hounds; nor does he ever quit the field while even a ter-
‘ rier remains in it—he has been known to stay many hours
‘ after star-light with labourers and whippers-in and terriers
‘ at an earth.—No man is so keen or so good a sportsman
‘ as Sicinius; nor would any, who did not know it, suspect
‘ that all the while he had his little Horace in his pocket:
‘ when he does not hunt, he converses with him—or his
‘ horse; and perhaps next year we may see a translation
‘ of Horace by Sicinius. One half of the year perhaps he
‘ is a sober man, and drinks little or no wine; the next,
‘ possibly, he is as great a reveller as Marc Anthony, and
‘ few men become jollity better. If you should get up at
‘ four o’clock in the morning to go a hunting, during Sici-

‘nius’s revelling season, you may, perhaps, meet him with
 ‘his fine clothes unbuttoned, and his fine lace ruffles as
 ‘black as the ground, staggering home down both sides of
 ‘the street. When Sicinius sets about it, he is quite the
 ‘*agréable debauché*. What he will enter upon next, I can’t
 ‘say; but I expect to hear, one day or other, that he has
 ‘taken orders, and is—an archbishop.’

‘Weakness of mind is still more disgusting than vice.’

‘Weak men often, from the very principle of their weak-
 ‘ness, derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy and taste,
 ‘which render them, in those particulars, much superiour
 ‘to men of stronger and more consistent minds who laugh
 ‘at them.’

‘Some men have the strange faculty of commanding an
 ‘inattention to what is well worth the hearing.’

‘A proud man never shews his pride so much as when
 ‘he is civil.’

‘Things which men call the causes of their melancholy,
 ‘are, I believe, often the effects of it.’

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I wish you would be good enough to insert the following
 copy of an advertisement which lately appeared in the
New-York Gazette, as it may render a service to an indi-
 vidual, who is probably much affected by what he may con-
 sider an irreparable loss. ‘Lost a small bundle of writings,
 ‘stating, *what are distinguishing signs of a truly renew-*
 ‘*ed and gracious state.* The finder, by leaving the same
 ‘at S. Wood’s, 357, Pearl-street, shall be entitled to two
 ‘dollars.’ The person advertising, who offers two dollars
 for the recovery of these inestimable manuscripts, appears
 to be deplorably ignorant of the value of similar writings.
 If he should not succeed in finding these, he may, by send-
 ing to Boston, obtain whole reams either printed or manu-
 script, at less than half the price that these would cost him.

A. F.